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GARDEN EXHIBITS, SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN SCHOOLS

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foreigners are flocking into the various organizations Mr. and Mrs. Williams have introduced. In this varied service invaluable help has come from the girls of Lake Erie College, in Painesville. Trained in Bible study under Prof. Laura H. Wild, and stimulated by contact with her inspiring personality, the social vision has taken a practical hold upon them through the proximity of such a field.

The church to-day is making good. It has the confidence of the community. Other denominations are respecting its possession of the field. It gives promise of being for a long time to come the one English-speaking church of the place. The Ohio Conference has given its strong backing, for the Painesville church which assumed the home missionary support of the field elected to do so through its noble state agency. When the contributions of the supporting church have been irregular, the state treasurer in Cleveland has made his remittance in full every month. And best of all, the old church in Painesville, founded by the Connecticut Missionary Society two weeks before the birth of the American Board, has experienced a splendid quickening from this first-hand contact with a great home missionary opportunity.

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**THE ISLANDS**

*By Rev. Ross W. Sanderson, Sandusky, Ohio*

Did you ever hear of the Bass Islands in Lake Erie? On North Bass Island, they raise the finest Delaware wine-grapes in the world, so the Government enological chemist says. On Middle Bass the "wet" sentiment is so strong that they long ago gave up the International Sunday-school Lessons, because, forsooth, they have quarterly temperance lessons as a part of the regular schedule. South Bass Island is now Put-in Bay, famous throughout the nation because of its association with Perry's victory, an event soon to be celebrated in elaborate fashion by the erecting of a costly memorial tower. The recent constitutional license is likely to produce a strange state of affairs on Put-in Bay. Strictly construed, it will allow but one saloon. Some think the whole village will be simply one big saloon as a result.

Off to the southeast of these islands lies Kelleys Island. Here the Kelleys Island Lime and Transport Company, a wealthy corporation, are burrowing out the very heart of the island and shipping it away in the form of crushed limestone. Here Professor G. Frederick Wright for many years took his Oberlin geological classes to see the famous glacial grooves—as fine as any in the world, they say. And here, too, they raise grapes. If you want to see wine cellars, come to the islands of Lake Erie.

Kelleys Island has its quarries and its vineyards. Foreign labor dominates the industrial situation. Greek and Roman Catholic churches flourish. Protestantism, in a population of less than twelve hundred all told, maintains three small churches—German Evangelical Association, German Reformed, and Congregational. The problem is evident at once—too many churches, the matter of language, the difference of religious temperament, and the seeming necessity for our holding on when we would far rather have the Protestants heartily united in one church.

In the spring, the fire inspectors demanded a fire escape on our building at Kelleys. That was almost the last straw. There had been no pastor for years. Some were for closing
the church, but the good women, bless them, said, "No, we will build the fire escape." And they did, at no small cost. As a reward for their faith, the state Home Missionary Society, co-operating with the Sandusky church as a big sister, sent them Mr. A. J. Barnard, a splendid Oberlin recruit, to hold the fort during the summer months. He held it valiantly, too.

Occasionally, also, Mr. Barnard preached at North Bass, otherwise known as Isle St. George. The friendly offices of secretaries made it possible to maintain bi-weekly services here for most of the summer. If you want to understand the isolation of this little lonely island in Lake Erie, with only a few over a hundred souls, just try to get there between Thanksgiving and New Year's. You may be put off at Middle Bass. Then you will have to walk a mile and a half across that Island. Then they will tumble you into a skiff, the seats of which are icy from the spray. Off shore, under the lee of Sugar Island, you climb aboard the mail carrier's gas boat, and, bobbing and thumping, you come at last safe ashore. Or you may be held all night, anchored off some rocky point on the sturdy steamer, "The Olcott," fog-bound. And it may be that when you start home, your boat will have a narrow escape from getting lost in the snow, out in midlake. Later, when the ice is thick, you can travel to and fro in perfect comfort by automobile. The trouble comes when the ice is "making" or breaking up.

At North Bass, a poor wretch tried to kill himself, supposedly out of disappointed love for one of the faithful young women of our little church there. At Kelleys there was recently enacted one of the most brutal murders on record. Yet the homes of the Christian people are as splendid on these islands as on the mainland—and they grow the finest children in the land. If your church had less than thirty members, and no annual meeting for three years, do you think that it would meet its appointment? Isle St. George did in 1911. The problem now is to give Kelleys a permanent pastor, who can also help the folks at North Bass and can start work for the churchless folks on Middle Bass. Isn't this worth while?

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S TRIP TO ST. GEORGE

By Rev. E. S. Rothrock, Cleveland, Ohio

ISLE ST. GEORGE is one of the gems of the beautiful Kelley Island group in Lake Erie, off Sandusky. For nearly two years, the little Congregational church, the only church on the island, had been without a pastor, neither money nor the man being available. There had been only occasional services during that time, conducted by Rev. Sanderson, of Sandusky, who has assumed a big brother's responsibilities for the island churches; and by the State Superintendent; though an earnest Christian woman with unconquerable devotion maintains a Sunday-school fifty-two Sundays in each year. Desiring to make a last visit before the island should be cut off by the winter, the Superintendent made an appointment for the last Sunday of November last year and started on Saturday to keep the engagement, though Dr. Fraser, former Superintendent, with the wisdom of long experience advised against it, for there had been a week or more of snappy freezing weather, though warmer weather with rain had succeeded.

A small steamer left Sandusky about three o'clock in the afternoon. A heavy fog had settled over the bay
and the lake, indicating changing weather conditions. The fog was so dense that a larger boat making a special trip the same afternoon, in trying to make the dock at St. George, brought up at Pt. Pelee, about eleven miles to the eastward. It was after six o'clock in the evening when the little steamer landed her passengers at the wharf of Middle Bass.

The means of transportation between Middle Bass and St. George Island is the mail carrier's boat—a naphtha launch—when conditions permit, but on this trip the ice in the channel compelled the use of a rowboat. The steamer dock being on the south of Middle Bass, and St. George being north of that island, his boat had been left on the beach toward St. George to save the long row around Middle Bass. So it was necessary to walk about a mile and a half across the island.

There were four in the party going to St. George—the carrier and his assistant, with the mail; a resident of St. George, with a small jug, a medium jug, and numerous packages, with all of which he had encumbered himself at Sandusky; and the Superintendent, with a mission and a heavy grip. The carriers stopped at the post office a little way from the dock, to leave the Middle Bass mail, and the two passengers went together toward the landing. The road was muddy from the rains and the heavy cutting of the wagons hauling the great grape harvest. There was little choice between the mud in the road and the water by the side of the road.

The man from St. George acted as guide, and as he was not sure he could bring up again in a straight line course if he should turn ever so little aside, the two kept straight on. That the guide's mind was not held by his immediate situation was evident, for he now and again gave expression to his anticipations by saying, "I know what I'm going to git when I git home—hot tongue and cold shoulder."

After a time, the landing was reached, and there a lantern was borrowed from a house near by, and placed upon a large rock to steer by. The small boat was launched, loaded to its full capacity by the four men. Carefully observing the direction of the slight breeze, which was upon the right cheek, the boatmen pulled away into the fog and darkness. A large field of slush ice was running in the channel, and the rowers could not take a direct course, but must bear sharply to the west to get around it. In about five minutes, the light of the lantern was smothered, and nothing remained as a guide to direction except the breeze; for the carrier had trusted to his long familiarity with the channel, or, more truly, to luck, and had made no provision for an emergency of this sort. The helper had a pocket compass, but there was no light in the boat and no one had a match. It was not very long before the rowers were getting the wind upon the left cheek, which after a good deal of discussion was declared to be due to a change in the direction of the wind. Having gone about far enough to round the ice floe, as they thought, the boat was
headed in the supposed direction of the St. George dock. In about three minutes it was among the ice, and the wind was dead ahead. Now the question as to the veering of the wind became a dispute, the man with the jag adding the confusion of his wisdom. There were hopelessly differing opinions, which became more stubborn and confused because no man trusted his own judgment, and was therefore ready to fight for it. The efforts of the rowers did not cease, though they seemed rather to crowd the boat into the pack than to relieve it. There was nothing for the Superintendent to do but wonder how it would come out. And being something of a sailor, he had visions of a night in a small open boat, and of the few things that would happen if the wind came up before the boat was clear of the ice. Someone voicing what everyone was thinking, asked the carrier, "Where's your bailing pan?" The answer was not very reassuring—"Didn't bring any."

It seemed as if the rowing had continued half the night, when there came, so faintly that it was scarcely heard, the sound of a fog horn. The rowers stopped, and every ear was strained to catch the sound should it be repeated. Each one wondered many times whether it would be heard, before it reached the boat a second time. Then it was so faint and deadened by the fog, that there were four separate guesses as to its direction. But again it came, this time a little clearer, and was located directly astern. The boat was evidently headed straight away from the island and toward the open sea. It was quickly turned about, and the fight with the ice begun with renewed vigor. When, however, the horn was heard again, the boat was again headed away from the island; and so it happened a third time before the course could be kept. The ice filled nearly the entire width of the channel, but at last the little harbor was reached, after consuming two hours in a trip that should have been made in about twenty minutes.

About midnight that same night a gale sprang up that kept the Superintendent a prisoner on the island until Tuesday morning. It was while waiting on Monday afternoon that among a score or more of stories of adventure, marvelous escapes, and tragic deaths from storm and fog and ice and snow, one of the men told the Superintendent how he and a companion had crossed the ice to Kelleys one winter day for an undertaker, and were overtaken by a severe snow-storm which completely obliterated every familiar mark. They wandered about until their hands and feet were frozen before they stumbled by chance upon the land. And the man solemnly said, "I made up my mind then that if any feller wanted to die that time of the year, he needn't expect me to go fer the undertaker fer him."

The pleasure with which the Superintendent set foot on the dock at Sandusky was as nothing to the appeal which that isolated and winter-imprisoned community made upon him for the privileges of a gospel and a church life that saves the souls of men and saves society from spiritual strangulation and moral death.

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REV. JOHN G. FRASER, D.D.
Treasurer, Congregational Conference of Ohio